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## The Beacon (5/21/1931)

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# CO-ED BEACON

VOL. XXVI. NO. 27.

KINGSTON, R. I., THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1931

Price Ten Cents

## Rhody Breaks Even Hard Games Ahead

In a very well played game May 12, Panzer College of New Jersey duplicated its basketball victory by beating Rhode Island by the close score of 4-2. The game was featured by a duel of pitchers between Martynick and "Duke" Wellington and was not decided until the ninth inning when Panzer scored its two winning runs.

### Games Postponed

The game with Clark College scheduled for May 14 was cancelled because of inclement weather. The Freshman game with Connecticut Freshmen scheduled for May 15 was also cancelled for the same reason.

### Rhody Beats U. S. Naval Training Station in Tenth

In the first "extra inning" game of the season, Rhode Island beat the strong U. S. Naval Training Station of Newport team on May 15. Rhody was ahead until the sixth inning when the Station team tied the score which remained tied until the last half of the tenth inning when Cragan brought Potter home with a pretty hit to center field.

## A. E. Pi Holds Parents' Day

The Alpha Epsilon Pi Fraternity last Sunday held its third annual "Parents' Day." After first gathering in the fraternity house where the parents were introduced to each other, the entire group went on to East Hall where luncheon was served.

Theodore Markoff '31, as master of ceremonies first introduced Harry J. Prebluda '32, the president of the fraternity who officially welcomed the parents to the gathering. Other speakers were Hyman M. Cokin '31, Julius Zucker '26, Morris Barasch '25, Irving Blazar '32, and Mr. G. E. Koppe, all of whom except Mr. Koppe spoke of the connection of the parents to the fraternity, and of the future of the fraternity. Mr. Koppe, as a speaker for the parents, told of the difficulties to be encountered by the students after graduation, and of the importance of their present work to their lives in the future.

The program was brought to a close by the singing of A. E. Pi songs and the "Alma Mater" by the undergraduates and alumni.

## Co-eds and Guests to Seek May Queen at Pageant

### New Song Written by Dean To Be Sung Saturday

### Jolly Jester Leads Procession in Quest of May Queen

## Phi Delta Banquet Huge Success

W. Allerton Cushman, with a committee made up of Mary Chase, Milton Reed and Virginia May, planned a very successful Phi Delta banquet which was held last Monday. Dr. and Mrs. Bressler and Prof. and Mrs. Barlow were the guests of the association. Mr. Milton Reed, newly elected president of the association, was toastmaster and the speakers were Dr. Bressler, Dr. Weldin and Miss Peck. Keys were awarded to June Miller, Mary Chase, Virginia May, Amy Arbogast, Regina Ashe, Clark Murdough, Florence Allen, Ruth Barrows, Harry Bryden, Wilfred Armstrong, Matthew Millman and Philip Lyons.

This was the tenth annual banquet which the association has given and as each banquet is pronounced better than the last, this was pronounced the best by our potential Sarah Bernhardts and Edwin Booths—and they ought to know.

## Co-Ed Athletics

More Co-eds have developed strong arms and athletes' foot than ever before. Hockey was a great success and the girls were so good that the class series resulted in a tie between the Seniors and Freshmen. The basketball team practiced hard and faithfully but lost to the more experienced Pembroke team by the score 28-8. Baseball and tennis are now engaging the minds of the Co-eds who are not busy "prancing on the green" in preparation for May Day. Much credit is due to Muriel Fletcher, president of the Women's Athletic Association, for the activeness of the season.

The A. A. has awarded white sweaters with the blue Rhode Island letters to the following girls: Mary Chase, Grace Brightman, Madelaine Pressoir, Virginia Lovejoy, Muriel Fletcher, Virginia May and Genevieve Fogarty.

## Delta Zeta

Beta Alpha Chapter of Delta Zeta will have its Spring house dance on May twenty-ninth. This is the same night as the Chi Omega and Sigma Kappa dances and there will be open-house between the three sororities.

Lillian Chaput, as chairman of the Delta Zeta dance, has appointed five committees to assist her. Chairmen of these committees to assist are as follows: Peggy Bryce, decorations; Catherine Regan, patrons and patronesses; Rena Simoni, refreshments, and Leota Harris with Marion Coggeshall, programs.

The dance will be from nine to one in Lippitt Hall. It is to be informal and refreshments are to be served at the Lodge during intermission.

## Barbara Kendrick Is May Queen



The annual May Day fete will be held Saturday, May 23. The Pageant, enacted by the women students of Rhode Island State College, has the element of originality, both in its composition and in its supervision. Miss Mary E. Chase, with the advice of Dean Helen Peck, wrote the theme of the pageant, which is very entertaining and charming. While the sub-Freshmen girls and other guests of the day are seated in the extreme southeast corner of the campus, a quest for a May Queen will take place throughout the wide expanse of green campus before them. Allegorical characters present themselves in rapid succession, as can be seen in reviewing the synopsis of the theme:

West Wind is in a very bad humor. She has searched all through the East and the West, but the May Queen is not to be found. While in this very sullen mood, West Wind discovers that the Jolly Raindrops and Sunbeams are

## Sigma Kappa

Phi Chapter of Sigma Kappa Sorority will hold its annual Spring Soiree, Friday, May 29, at the Chapter House. The event will be the Chapter's gala affair of the year; the House will be transformed under the management of Doris Cumming, chairman of the dance. Miss Cumming will be assisted by committees composed of Miss Avis Connery, decorations; Jerry Owers, refreshments; Ruth Barrows, programs; Jean Keenan, music; Barbara Ince, floor.

The patronesses will be Mr. and Mrs. Whalen and Dr. and Mrs. Weldin.

Long sweeping sprays of wisteria and other gay spring flowers of pastel shades will form a background to little white swinging gates. A soft soothing orchestra will lend just the fitting atmosphere to the spring rendezvous.

A tea, in honor of the Sub-Freshmen girls and invited guests at the Pageant, will be held at the Chapter House, Saturday, May 23. Miss Gertrude Anthony will be the hostess of the day.

## Beacon Banquet Last Tuesday

The Beacon Board's annual banquet was held in East Hall on Tuesday. Hyman Cokin and Lincoln Dexter were in charge. Mrs. Everett Christopher was a very entertaining toast mistress. The speakers were Dr. Bressler and Mr. Rockafellow. There were numerous impromptu speakers.

Keys were presented to the retiring executive board, made up of Richard Cole, Hyman Cokin, Muriel Fletcher and Lincoln Dexter. Pins were given to the new board, made up of George Lawrence, Harry Prebluda and Natalie Dunn.

The literary lights of the campus always turn out for this affair, and it is always a huge success. This year's was no exception.

## Commencement Play "Faust" June Fifth

An adaptation of Goethe's Faust, with music dramatized from the Gounod opera of the same name, is to be the 1931 Commencement Play at R. I. State College. This presentation, played by the R. I. State College Players and scheduled for the evening of June fifth at 8 p. m. in Edwards Hall, opens Commencement week activities at the college.

Apart from Romeo and Juliet, given in 1927, and Francesca Da Rimini, in 1929, Faust is the most ambitious production undertaken by the College Players. Because of expense, lack of actors with ability to play, and the prejudice of theatre audiences that a classic must be dry, heavy or boringly tragic, Faust is seldom professionally and almost never produced by amateurs. Consistent with their policy of presenting the best in classic drama with an eye to proving its universal appeal, the R. I. State College Players are putting forth every effort to make their coming presentation interesting to all, students, music lovers and to those

## Chi Omega

Chi Omega's annual spring house-dance is to be held May 29. The Chi Omega living room is to be transformed into a Spring Garden under the direction of Micky Clancy and her assistants: Natalie Briggs, Betty Pickersgill, and Margaret Katzenmeier. Florence Allen is the chairman of the music committee, and has secured Bailey's orchestra for the occasion, and there are to be special arrangements of Chi Omega music. Allie Shawcross and her co-Freshmen are in charge of the programs, while Bobby Masterson forms the patroness committee. The patrons of the dance will be Dr. and Mrs. Bressler, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher and Miss Dickson.

Margie Holden is chairman of the dance and has several little surprises tucked under a wise and mysterious air.

## Senator Hebert Praises Public Life

After the usual assembly hymn and prayer, Dean Barlow introduced Senator Felix Hebert, who spoke on service to one's country. As an introduction he explained several things about the United States Senate. He calls the Senate "the greatest deliberative body on earth and one of the most interesting." At first the Senate was not the legislative body we know now since senators were not elected by the people. They were appointed by the State legislatures, and were supposed to be the ambassadors of the States.

There are some peculiar precedents in the Senate. He cites for example, the seniority rule.

Senator Hebert says that there is no serious disposition among students to engage in political activities, perhaps because it is thought that there is no suitable reward or that political life is not an honest life. The senator has found through long experience in public life that the contrary is true, and he ventures to say that there is no activity in our time in this country that will bring the same reward for the same degree of effort. Political life is not easy, but nothing that is really worth while is easy. In passing, Senator Hebert observed that there is no such thing as luck. His advice is: "Be willing to pay the price and to take advantage of opportunities (Continued on page 2)

## Green Keepers' Field Day

The Experiment Station is holding its second annual Greenkeepers' Field Day on Monday. Dr. Theodore Odland and Dr. Basil Gilbert are in charge of the affair.

Last year a large number of delegates came from this State and from different parts of New England to take part in the exhibit; and an even greater number is expected since invitations have been sent to the golf clubs of Rhode Island and the Greenkeepers' Clubs of Rhode Island, Connecticut and New England. The order of the day includes addresses by Daniel A. Clarke on "Trees and Shrubs for the Golf Course," and exhibits and demonstration on campus at 2:30. Dr. Bressler is to give the welcoming address.

It is interesting to know that the R. I. plants are thought to be the first experiment in the culture of grass-growing in this country—being 27 years old. A feature of the field day will be an exhibition of modern machinery.

## May Day Program

10:00 p. m.—Registration at Davis Hall.

10-12:30—Tour of campus with guides. Davis Hall, Armory, Experiment Station, Lippitt Hall, Bliss Hall, Agricultural Hall, Edwards Hall, Ranger Hall, South Hall.

12:30—Lunch at South Hall.

2:00—Pageant under the elms. Sorority teas after the pageant.

## Calendar

### Friday

New England Intercollegiates, Lewiston, Maine, May 22-23.

### Saturday

May Day. Open house at sororities.

### Sunday

Village Church 10:45 a. m.

### Monday

Varsity Baseball with Northeastern at Boston.  
Green Keepers' Field Day.

### Wednesday

Freshman Baseball with Colt Memorial at Kingston.

### Thursday

Varsity Baseball with St. Michael's at Kingston.  
Commencement issue of Beacon.



## Co-ed Beacon Staff

Published annually by the Women of Rhode Island State College

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## Welcome, Guests!

May Day guests, the women of Rhode Island welcome you! We have invited you and you have come to view our college, our courses, and ourselves. First, our college—Rhode Island State College is an accredited college. It is situated on the top of a beautiful hill in a small village where the advantages of a campus life may be appreciated, and yet it is not too far from the city that its radiating influences are lost. The arrangement of its buildings about a quadrangle is ideal; it not only makes them more accessible, but it adds to the beauty of the grounds. This is the time to view Rhody in all the glory and beauty of its spring attire. We could ask no more in the way of natural environment.

Secondly, our courses: Rhode Island offers three courses for co-eds, the Home Economics, General Science and Business Administration Courses. Each has its own building and up-to-date equipment, together with specially trained instructors, who prepare you for the pursuit of either field you may desire.

Thirdly, ourselves: We leave you to draw your own conclusions of this phase after you have visited our houses, talked with us, sipped tea with us, because the best way to judge people is see them when they are at home.

We hope this little preview of Rhode Island State College has been a favorable one, and that if we offer what you desire in higher education, you will be among our numbers in September.

## Sabbatical Leave

We live in a dynamic state; nothing is static. Progress in every line marks the twentieth century. There is no field of learning that is static. Everywhere research is being carried on. Colleges have instituted the system of sabbatical leave whereby each member of their faculty may, every six or seven years, take one year for extended or research work in his particular field with one-third or one-half pay. During his absence, a professor from another university comes to take his place. The change benefits the college in two ways. Not only does the regular faculty better fit itself to the trend of the time in its respective fields; but also new ideas and new people are brought on to the campus. The professor, too, has a change of environment. His new contacts inspire him. He can give more to his students; for a teacher who is interested in his work, who is anxious to keep up to the minute in all phases of his subject, carries his students along with him in his enthusiasm. There is nothing so uninteresting as a disinterested professor or one who has taught the same thing so often that he can work up absolutely no enthusiasm over it. Did you ever stop to look in on some of our classes? This is what you would find in too large a percentage of them: The professor lecturing word for word from the text of 1918 in a low monotone; the students in the back three or four rows of seats either reading the assignment for the next hour, or reading a novel, writing letters, sleeping, gazing into the wide open spaces, one or two Phi Kaps in the front row taking notes—the professor decides to ask some questions and then wonders why it is like pulling eye teeth to get a response.

Our professors are worthy of and should demand sabbatical leave. If they do not, the college should demand it of them. You say the State takes care of the situation in its requirements that teachers take advanced summer courses, and that many of our professors have taken such courses. True, they have, but they have done this at their own expense. Think of what they could have done in a whole year and with part of the financial burden lifted. Not only is it an obligation of the State of Rhode Island, as the sponsors of the Rhode Island State College, to the faculty of the college, but also to the students and to the taxpayers of the State who pay for the education of these students, to authorize sabbatical leave.

## "The Co-Eds—God Bless Them"

"The Co-eds—God bless them!" That is what Mr. Bernard DeVoto, a professor of English in a coeducational university, says in an article printed in Harper's Magazine, September, 1927, under the title, "The Co-ed: the Hope of Liberal Education." Professor DeVoto has expressed some interesting ideas in his essay, whether we agree with him or not. He says, in effect, that the American college is now

a training school, that men students are interested only in the kind of education that provides training for "salesmanship" in some vocation or other; but the women are another matter. "They have time for wisdom—and knowledge—and truth and beauty—and cultural development—and individuality."

Women in the coeducational college are somewhat like women in the home. In the ideal family life the man and the woman live together, work together, have interests and purposes in common; on the other hand, each has his own personal gift to make for the welfare of the family, his individual problems to solve, and the work of neither is the same. In the coeducational college young men and young women meet in classes and in social life daily. They have a common interest in their college and in fitting themselves for life after college. There is no reason, however, why they should fit themselves in the same way, why they should attempt to live and act in the same manner—in fact, there are many reasons why the opposite idea is true.

The good thing about a woman's college is the opportunity it gives the woman for self-development. The student manages her own organization, and is the president, not the vice president, an office consisting of title but no power, as is so often the case in the coeducational institutions. The bad thing about the woman's college is the unnatural life that may be fostered by large groups of women living in semi-seclusion, resulting in an exaggerated idea of the importance of men, or a self-conscious indifference to men. The coeducational college avoids the latter error; it imitates the good found in the woman's college by providing courses for women only, and activities for women only.

Take the Co-ed Beacon, for example. The woman serves on the Beacon Board with the men. She cannot, however, rise to the position of editor-in-chief. (Once this was done here, but it was during the World War.) On the other hand, in this number of The Beacon, she gets the experience of writing and compiling the material for the paper, editing it, making the dummy, and attending to the business details of the issue. For these, if for no other reasons, the Co-ed Beacon is worth while. There are other activities which the women alone conduct. A student council of men and women may act in advisory capacity in regard to matters of interest to the college as a whole, but after all, there should be a women's student council, for women understand their own problems, and can manage their own affairs. The same thing is true of the women's glee club and the women's athletic association. May Day is purely a women's affair, and there are many other matters belonging to the women only, their fraternal organizations, their house organizations, and the like.

Do college women care for "truth and beauty, cultural development and individuality"? We hope so. That many men care for the same things we believe also. But in the family it has been the woman who has sought to make things beautiful, who has tried to keep ideals high, who has endeavored to develop the individuality of each member of the family. In the college, that is, the coeducational college, may it not be that the same duty rests upon the women? Should this be true, the "Co-ed"—better, the college woman—has a very vital part in the life and development of the college. She has a great responsibility. Is she worthy? She is showing us the answer to that question.

## More Power to You, Co-Ed

"Co-eds are such fragile things! Nice to talk to—good to have around in case one fears being alone—but otherwise, well, not very important! Go to a dance—yes! She can step, misses now and then, but on the whole, pretty neat! Clothes—O. K.! Manners—she'll get by!" And so the story goes, until one day this great big he-man, bless his little soul, who was just a little too nice for the usual trend of Co-ed beauty, met one that was unusual! Too bad—but there's one thing about these feminine intellectuals—they stick together—rather tough to break a fellow's heart in the process, but some boys just hate to grow up!

More power to you, Co-ed!

## SENATOR HEBERT PRAISES PUBLIC LIFE

(Continued from Page 1)  
and you will be a success." There is no more short cut to success in political life than in any other profession.

In closing, the senator said, "Busy yourselves in politics—not because it is to your advantage but because it is your duty to do so."

Figure it out.  
From the Ancient Chinese: Any woman hates, unto the limits of her hatred, the one who gets the man she has discarded.

Still, society has yet to introduce use to a case of divorce at first sight.

## Chats with Prexy

President Bressler was not limited to one question this week. Were I asked, I should say the main theme of our talk was his plans for the betterment of the living conditions of the women, a survey of the home economics course, sabbatic leave, facilities for women's sports. He plans, within the next two years, to erect on the campus a new building for the women which will include a dormitory, reception rooms, dining hall, laboratories for clothing and foods work. This building, which will be on the corner lot below Ranger Hall, will be modern in every respect. In connection with the planning of the laboratories, a survey of the subjects offered in the home economics course will be made, and omissions or additions made to bring the course up to par—keeping it general the first year and offering opportunities for specialization the following years. Along this line came the question "Are you in favor of sabbatic leave?" "I am. Sabbatic leave is something which must be instituted here. I understand it is because of lack of funds that it has not been instituted before."

"Sports for women?—Tennis? Do you know I'd like to play a good game myself. We are in the country; there is no excuse for not having adequate tennis courts, athletic fields, and the like—there is plenty of ground. Have you read my article on that subject in the Alumni Bulletin?" I had, have you?

"What do you, as a student, think of the idea of having the road for automobiles run behind the building, as behind Agricultural Hall, and the walk for the students run in front of the building? Now all the walks run into dirt roads which will be macadamized this summer. Within the next few years we will have a thousand students; there will be more cars; we can't very well do without walks then." "Either that plan, or the plan of putting in sidewalks along the present roads would be feasible, I should think." Have you readers any ideas on the subject?

President Bressler is very much interested in the women of the college. He is proud of their Student Government Organization, and active participation in extracurricular activities as well as their fine scholastic standing.

"Why so melancholy, old man?" "Miss Brown rejected me last night."

"Well brace up, there are others!" "Yes, of course, but I can't help feeling sorry for the poor girl."

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## GREEKS

The hicks will know just what to pledge  
When they come off the farm,  
For the new Alpha Eps house  
Is almost like a barn.

The Lambda Chis use a canopy  
For dances; and so they'd better,  
To keep their precious pledges from  
Getting any wetter.

The Sigmas rate with fraternities  
But differ from others some.  
These girls are dated up  
Because they are not so dumb.

The charms are missing in Beta Phi,  
Still they will get far,  
For almost every member  
Is driving his own car.

The Theta Chis want publicity  
And so, in lieu of this  
They send out ALL their pledges  
So they can hardly miss.

The S. A. E.'s are snooty,  
Of this there is no doubt,  
But what we want to know is,  
What are they snooty about?

The D. A.'s hate the S. A. E.'s.  
Two co-eds will not hear it;  
For Tom and Gubby pal around  
To promote sorority spirit.

The Phi Beta Chis look awful dumb,  
But if you only knew it  
The only thing they have to do  
Is open their mouths and prove it.

The Delta Zetas have pledges  
Who never get the pin.  
What are these damsels running—  
A sorority or an inn?

The Alpha Tau Gams' names are bright  
And their actions do not dim it,  
For they don't drop anchor till  
Beyond the 12-mile limit.

They don't get around, altho they should,  
These worthy P. I. K.'s,  
But there is one who managed to  
Inveigle a Sigma K.

We Phi Sigs don't need to fret  
That jobs won't come our way;  
We go to classes, take lots of notes,  
And do our lessons every day.

If you want to fight with the Beta Phis  
Or go out with Theta Chis,  
Just pledge up with Chi Omega  
And they will put you wise.

The Phi Mu Deltas are modest,  
Of this there is no doubt.  
For a co-ed to try to make them  
You have to DRAG them out.

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## 10 P. M. at Sigma Kappa

It is 10 o'clock in the S. K. house,  
The time is Friday night;  
Everything is peace and calm,  
Only one couple is in sight.  
Helen, the house president,  
Sitting by Hannah's side,  
Reached to turn on the porch light  
To warn the crowd outside.  
Ah, the signal tried and true,  
The girls take warning soon,  
In step Gin and Lloyd,  
Loving hearts that beat in tune.  
A sign is heard in the hallway,  
The hour will soon be spent.  
Reggie leads out loving roses,  
Cupid's latest ornament.  
Ken waits with pounding heart  
While Ruthie checks in.  
Ah, here come Anne and Paul,  
And here are George and Jean.  
Nat comes in next,  
Followed by sleepy Dot K.  
Ruth and Paul are busily engaged  
Patching up some lover's quarrels.  
Tommy Fortin takes one last long look  
At his darling Avis fair,  
As she gently waves goodbye,  
And disappears around the stair.  
Here come all the others,  
Al must part from Petey,  
Siggie and Gubby must say goodnight.  
At last it all is over,  
The doors are all locked tight.  
The dreams are all the same—  
Only 24 hours till tomorrow night.

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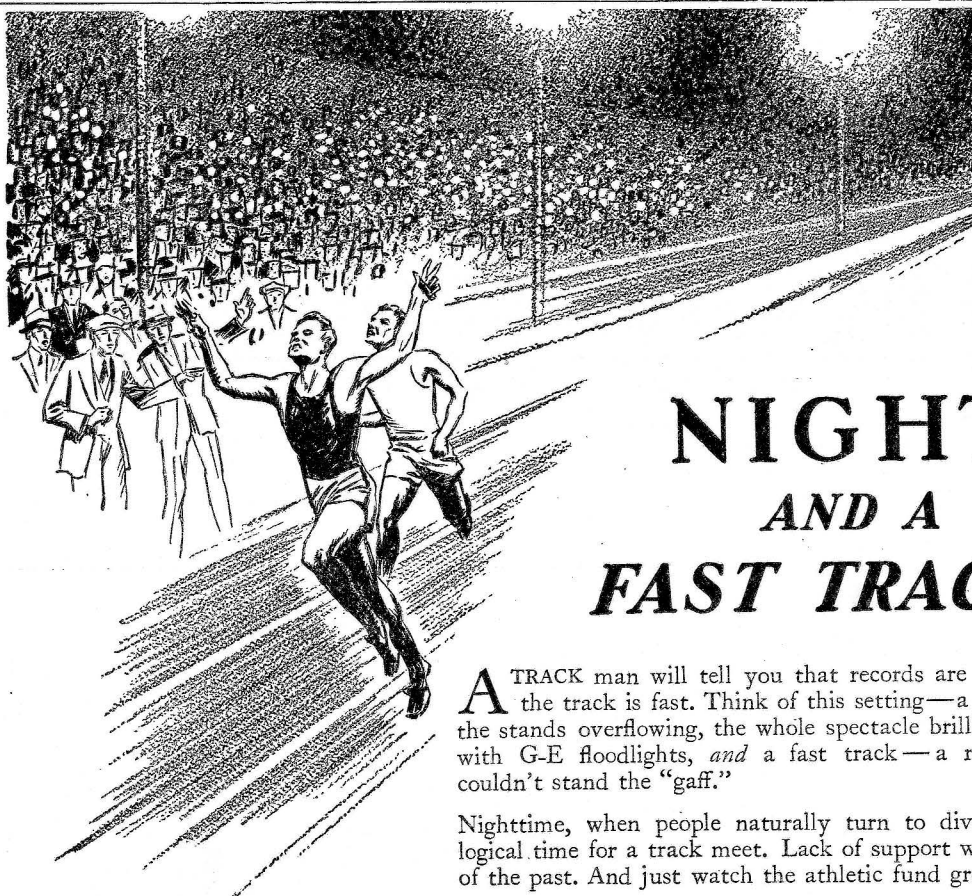
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# ? The Light That Failed ?

## Faculty Member Lost on Picnic

**Mr. and Mrs. Christopher  
Play Snoop and Peep;  
Discover Prof. Barlow**

The annual faculty picnic was held this year at Green Hill Beach at the summer home of Prof. Ince. All gathered before Aggie Hall at 3:00 p. m. in great expectation. The party was delayed in starting as both Prof. Newman and Prof. Rockerfellow forgot the keys to their cars, but by 5:30 all were packed in and off. Miss Stillman's yellow roadster shot off at sixty leaving the others behind. When the party reached the top of Sugar Loaf Hill, after losing the road twice, they came upon the fair Elizabeth in the throes of the law. But Elizabeth got around that difficulty by inviting the officer to accompany them, which he did because he was a reporter for College Humor on the side.

All finally arriving at the beach, swimming was in order. The 100-yard backstroke was won by Prof. Hetherington—he attributes his success to the training received in Pawtucket two summers ago. After the briny deep, there were races. Mabel Eldred won the three-mile jaunt, while Mrs. Peppard and Miss Birch took the honors in a hotly contested three-legged race. Prof. Rockerfellow and Dean Newman saved the day for the men by winning the wheelbarrow race, although this was contested on the grounds that Dean Newman used his umbrella for a sail and thereby took unfair advantage.

Miss Edith Andrews hit a homer which Prof. Douglass had to wade far into the ocean for, and as luck would have it, a big wave knocked him down, so he had to be hung by the fire to dry out. This incident broke up the baseball game, but the smell of hot coffee brought everyone to the cottage. Did someone say the faculty had dainty appetites? Let me not be the one to deceive you thus, but if anyone is curious enough to want the exact particulars, they may consult with Chef Stowell.

After dinner Prof. Ince, as master of ceremonies, called on Prof. Tyler, Prof. Durham and Miss Tucker to give an interpretive adagio dance. Miss Birch rendered a bass solo. Deans Peck and Whittemore gave a tidly winks exhibition, they having just won the annual tidly wink contest sanctioned by the Board of Managers.

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher, who had been walking the beach in the moonlight, suddenly came upon a curious apparition—Prof. Barlow crawling along the sand on his hands and knees looking for curious little specimen of mollusca.

Under Dean Peck's supervision, the various members of the faculty were in their respective houses by 10:00 o'clock.

## A WORD OR TWO

The purpose of this Beacon is threefold: to continue the "policy" and fine work of the weekly Beacon, to give our May Day guests a sample of our journalistic ability as well as reveal ourselves in print, and to present for your approval the annual collection of pepper and spice compiled by the women of the college.

This little parody on the Beacon is written only in fun and we hope it is taken in the spirit in which it is written.

## Ken Trains for Rudying Over Radio

**Athlete Bows to Lure  
Of Air**

Ken Goff, the campus favorite, is getting in training to run for radio announcer in the radio station to be built on Mount Olympus.

Mr. Goff was born during a cyclone and has been up in the air ever since.

At the tender age of ten he obtained his first position, that of carrying stiffis out of a Montreal speakeasy. He was very fond of music but was ousted from the Pipe Organ Pipers Union for wearing spats buttoned on the inside.

While disguised as his own grandfather he entered Rhode Island State and devoted himself to various pursuits. He caused quite a stir by announcing that broken beer bottles provide better traction on a dance floor than any other known substance.

When asked which he preferred, his sleep or running in a track meet, Mr. Goff immediately answered, "My sleep!" Mr. Goff is very considerate of the fair sex—he assumes the idea of "what is mine is thine" to the extent that when his fraternity has a banquet in one dining hall at East, his "G. F." has her banquet (plus special waiter) in the other dining hall.

## SUGGESTIONS

May we suggest that a sign be hung from the balcony of Edwards Hall bearing the following inscription, "This Is Rhode Island State College," that our future speakers may not make the grave mistake of calling this institution "Kingston College." This has never been The Kingston College. We students have been emphatically taught that we do not attend the Kingston College. We attend the Rhode Island State College, and for a speaker to address us otherwise, immediately "rubs" our hair the wrong way" to use a trite, but expressive phrase. A dime day would not be needed to take care of the expense of such an undertaking—the art department could amply take care of the matter.

The main idea of the "Chats With Prexy" last week was omitted from the account. The fact that each student would pay a tax of fifteen dollars at the beginning of the year, this tax to be forfeited should the student fail and wish to repeat the course, was not made clear. Also the suggestion that the money thus accumulated be used as scholarships to help those worthy students who are working their way to attain a college education was not mentioned.

## Old Rhody Lines

"I've never met a girl like you before!"  
"Your eyes remind me of two glowing stars."

"It's so easy to pay a girl compliments when everything nice a fellow can say is true."

"Don't let your lips get too near mine—I'm only human, you know."

"I used to dream there was a girl like you somewhere, but I never thought I'd really find her."

"Your voice is as soft as music!"

"I was wondering if I'd dance with you tonight."

"You wonderful, wonderful girl!"

## IF THE CAP FITS YOU—PUT IT ON

A certain co-ed has been taking quite an interest in the Library—I wonder why?

Those nightly visits to the shop are becoming quite frequent!

A Davis Hall Soph has suddenly lost interest in Zoo, especially in the "make-up Labs."

Since a certain incident that happened the night before Prom, Davis Hall hasn't seen much "smoke" coming from the social room after 7:30 p. m.

At last, the "undecided Soph" has chosen! She received the "Pin" at Prom—Now we're wondering!

There are going to be raindrops, flowers and sunbeams in May Day. Who will supply the "Moonshine?"

"Hy," you little Soph! Be careful with that "Big Devil" (Mephistopheles). And he happens to be an engineer, too!

The "Little Blonde" on South Road has been giving loving glances toward that "Little White Frat House"—or is it the little green Ford? The poor little dear has "heart" trouble.

Gentlemen may always prefer "blondes", but—"blondes" don't always prefer professors' sons.

We notice the lack of "Red heads" in Professor Karbaum's French II Class.

The "Little Business Ad. Student" pouted and—"went south."

"Blondie" works in a First National Store. Is this of interest to you—Freshmen?

When Sophomores take to Nursery Rhymes (such as "Peter Rabbit")—we don't know what to think!

Ad sent in by a local Sorority House—"We furnish the car—you furnish the eds."

"Three Cheers" for the "Loving Irish Team" from the southwest side of the campus.

A titian-headed Freshman has a problem. It isn't a Home-Ec problem either.

A certain little "Freshman Beauty" would be all right if she smiled once in a while "off stage."

What the "Well Dressed Senior" will wear: (1) Ear-rings to football games; (2) white gloves to Chem. Lab.; (3) and turbans EVERYWHERE.

Cheer up, little girls. They will only be here three weeks longer. Happy days will soon be here.

What's the attraction at Providence College baseball games? Some of our co-eds seem to find them interesting.

By the looks everyone on the campus will soon be wearing a cap. ARE YOU WEARING A CAP?

## MESS HELD!

A turkey (rabbit, veal or steak) dinner was held in the banquet room of East Hall Tuesday, May 19, under auspices of the Beacon. Side dishes of humming bird's wings and tales from Hoffman were also enjoyed. The feature of the soup course was a charming ballet dance rendered by Howie Brightman whose blond beauty showed to best advantage in his filmy costume. George Lawrence hummed all the latest dance hits as the accompaniment.

After the salad course Mel Koppe, disgusted with the flighty attitude and ribaldry of his fellow guests, felt called upon to deliver a most serious and awe inspiring discussion on the "After Life." When only the dregs of the coffee were left in the cup "Prexy" sought to lighten the atmosphere by a most vivid description of languid California nights—he seems to be well informed! Thus ended another gathering of the intelligentsia.

## H. Ec Club Hears Chinese Men

**Co-Eds on Great Research  
For Respectable Whites**

In view of the prophecy that in the next war the Mongolian race will conquer the white and the present generation of women will marry Chinamen, the Home Economics Club, acting on its old Girl Scout motto, "Be Prepared," sponsored a series of lectures by the Rhody-in-China Club. "How to Get Rich Quickly" was the theme of the talks. Wo Hung, a self-made man of phenomenal wealth, gave an address on "Millions Made by Chinese Laundries."

The second program related to this theme featured a talk by No Soop on "Secrets of Restaurant Success," or "How to Gyp the Public Honestly," a field in which he is actively interested.

## NOTICES

The annual sardine banquet of Mu Mu, the catty club, will be held on the west side of the campus next week. Please make your reservations early. Sardines are scarce this year, and the Executive Committee prefers to use only those which are well oiled.

This last week turmoil reigned in Davis Hall. One of the Co-eds made the fatal error of mistaking H. Ec. 49 (Dishpans) for H. Ec. 94 (Cake Tins). The nice part of it all is that the Eds who ate the cake didn't know the difference. Perhaps it is just as well.

A surprise awaits the May Day guests. This year the May Day Committee is introducing something new in the form of aesthetic dancing. Under the direction of Miss Georgianna Lawrence a number of the daintier Eds will take part in the dances. Heretofore the Eds have merely stood on the sidelines and made comments. This year all their efforts will go toward the production of the graceful and all that sort of thing. Bravo!

## Co-Eds Must Diet Is New Rule

**Co-Eds Are Here to Keep  
Men and Attract Freshmen**

Co-eds must diet! This is the verdict of Barbara B. Brand, coach of the May Day Pageant. "Rhode Island needs sylph-like raindrops, flowers and sunbeams!" she shouted. "Look at what Pembroke did. The only way we can inveigle these sub-freshmen is to have smoother looking women. At the same time you might be helping Coach Keaney by recruiting some football men for him. Your requirements are: Height, 5 ft., 3 in.; weight, 105 lbs; eyes, blue; hair—if possible."

A diet will be established at South Hall. The regular diet will consist of whole wheat bread and grapefruit. The following diet has been prescribed for the Davis Hall girls: Breakfast, one prune and one glass of water; dinner, one prune without water; supper, one glass of water without prunes.

The co-eds are here to keep men. So far they have failed somewhat in that respect. Witness the number of eds who go down the line every Saturday night—and we have failed to see why. They say they prefer co-eds. We've got them—we've got to keep them!

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## House Dance

A night in spring with its fragrant odors drugging your senses—a soft, mysterious night with its stars and moon dulled to an old gold—music sinking into you—smooth, limpid music—suddenly becoming mad and hot. Oh! on with the dance!

Couples swarm in from out of the night, into the dimly lighted room to be teased by the compelling harmony—putting all their souls into the dance.

Girls resembling passion flowers—they are so vivid with scarlet mouths in white faces—eyes with stars hidden in their depths. Slim bodies tightly encased in revealing silks and satins—dancing with half shut eyes while the orchestra wickedly intones, "I surrender, dear—"

The music—atmosphere heavy with the mixture of perfume and liquor—the dancers weaving their way slowly to and fro. All this is glamour—brief but terribly dear.

Between numbers, while the orchestra

mops beaded brows, there is the faint, harmonious tinkle of ice cubes against tall high-ball glasses.

Over in a dark corner a slim girl is huddled, crying faintly—tears like pear-shaped crystals trickling down her painted face. A rag of a handkerchief crushed between tense fingers—sobbing endlessly—giving competition to the saxophones—close beside her a tall empty glass telling its own sad story. Her boy friend totters beside her crazily asserting that "He's a gent'lman."

Then there is the porch, deep and dark as an abyss, where there is the faint shuffling of feet—but mostly a silence strange and sweet.

All this is the mad gaiety and confusion of a house dance in the spring of the year—breathless music—the last goodnight kiss—then comes the grey dawn with a disappearing forefinger on his lips—house dance is ended!

## Nothing Uproarious

As I tore madly over the campus destined for an "eight o'clock," I heard an enterprising Frosh reporter say to an "Ed"—"Got any bright ideas for the Co-ed Beacon?" The answer, accompanied by a loud guffaw, was borne to me, as it were, on the wings of the breeze—"Sure, don't print it." All of which served to convince me that the "Eds" are sadly lacking in aesthetic appreciation—whatever that is. However, it struck me as being pretty useless to ask an "Ed" if he had any "bright" ideas anyway—especially at that hour of the morning.

Tripping lightly into class I met the Prof's accusing eye with a pleasant smile and, gasping for breath, sank into the nearest chair—which was none too stable (ever notice the large number of wobbly chairs in classrooms? Every time you sit down, you always manage to pick the wrong one). To continue—Assuming an air of interest, I sat there staring at the Prof in an attitude of hero worship intended to rate at least a B; and hanging onto his every word of wisdom, I prepared to think about anything from shoe buckles to Mussolini. (Lord! If my Prof ever discovers who wrote this, henceforth my name will be m-u-d, sauerkraut.) You know, after practicing the attitude described above for from one to two years, it becomes automatic. Without knowing what's going on, you laugh with the right amount of hilar-

ity at the Prof's jokes, and in other ways respond to his remarks correctly.

By the way, someone has called "etc" the three letters that serve to give people the impression that you know more than you have time to write. Directions: Use with moderation in themes and quizzes.

Snappy models: The co-eds' sport shoes, turned up at the toes, making them look like crosses between gnomes and Dutch girls.

I have heard that one of the curious things about faculty meeting is the array of shoes displayed.

It's too bad to be conscious that Spring has "got" you. It takes all the joy out of moping around, day-dreaming, suddenly bursting into song and collapsing into the most convenient chair from the effort entailed. Some inner voice keeps pricking at you to be up and doing—not that it receives much attention.

Frankly speaking (apologies to one of the Profs), very few of the many valuable periodicals in the library are used. What's the answer to that?

Apropos of nothing at all—I maintain that "Alice in Wonderland" is one of the children's books that grown-ups can read with enjoyment—furthermore after reading it one has a comeback for almost anything.

Strange interlude: Let's see, 1-2-3-4-5-59—No, not quite enough "Ts" in this to make a full-fledged columnist.

The Funster.

## FEATURE

Mr. Jo Collitch,  
Frat House,  
Campus.

Dear Joe:

It seems so long since we went to the Bell House, and it was really only tonight, but so many things have happened that I just had to write to you. You see, we had a session when I got in tonight, and I thought that you might want some of the material for your own session, because it seems to me that you once told me that the boys didn't have much to talk about, so they had to multiply everything they heard to make it last the evening.

In the first place I'm sore. While I was out they went and elected a May Queen. It makes me furious because I have been letting my hair grow since last August so that I could be the queen. I'm so mad that I am going to have one of those awful windblown bobs, you know, like Gen Fogarty's.

Then, too, they want me to be in the pageant and be a Raindrop. I have to dance with Jerry Owers and she agrees with me that the dance is all wet.

I wish that you would find out from the fellows who stole Mickey's May Basket. It seems that she was about to hang it at Lambda Chi, but she stopped on the step to powder her nose, and when she looked around the basket and the cake was all

gone. She wouldn't care, but the cake had arsenic in it and she wanted to try it out on the boys first.

Sybil Page went out with a rifle belonging to the Co-ed team last night looking for skunks. She filled Lou Fowler full of lead and wouldn't even take the blame because she said that she didn't have her glasses on.

Since Mr. Eldred took over the Co-ed Cage Ella and I have trouble getting in our regular bridge game. The Zoo Lab is very poorly lighted and I don't like all those bones, anyway.

Speaking of the Zoo Lab, have you heard about the romance in that department? It is too large a story to write but I'll tell you all about it when I see you.

When you see George Weaver tell him for goodness sake not to wear that green tie, he looks so much more manly in the pink one. And while we are on the subject of ties, can you find out where all these girls are getting fraternity pins? I knew that they had a fire sale in the jewelry department of Kenyon's last fall, but I don't think the sale is still on. Do you suppose the fellows thought the depression would last a long time so they stocked up early?

What is the matter with Prebby? One of the girls in the Chem Lab told me that he can't seem to keep his mind on his work, but says something about Horticulture in sunny California. I guess the thought of the new house is too much for him. I understand that they are going to have hot and cold sliding doors and I wanted to ask you why you don't at least have the sliding part where the faculty can see the soft drink passed out at the dances.

Well, Joe, I haven't told you as much dirt as I expected to, but I guess when your fraternity brothers get a hold of it, it will last them until the Senior Picnic and after that they won't care.

Love and kisses from the girls,  
JOSEPHINE.

## THE FORUM

Dear Editor:

I am a co-ed at this institution of higher learning and a lady besides. I've read other comments about the R. O. T. C. in this paper and I want to give a woman's perspective. Personally I think it's the nuts. I had a boy friend once who was in it, but he disappeared when the unit crossed the quadrangle last year when it was raining. But I have a few suggestions to offer. Couldn't they get uniforms that are much brighter and becoming? Have them wear tall plume hats, scarlet capes, blue pacer, trousers faced with orange. White silk shirts with red ties would be very attractive. And don't you think you could do away with their carrying those heavy guns? Some of the poor boys look positively exhausted after a drill. It's a damned shame.

My suggestion is that you put the R. O. T. C. to some practical work. Why not have them guard the women's living quarters? I am sure we would all feel much safer.

Yours,  
RUBA NEK.

P. S.—Does R. O. T. C. mean "right off the campus?"

## THE IDLER

Well—here it is—The Co-ed Beacon—like it? Yes? Thanks, we think it's pretty nice ourselves. Seriously, one must blow one's horn now-a-days, or it's just too bad. I guess all the fellows feel better now that the Co-ed issue is out—they were rather worried about the "hits and misses" therein—for instance, Jimmy Patterson was afraid we'd tell you that he has a girl in New York—but we wouldn't do a thing like that; then there is Bill Cotter who has new blue socks and Bernie Bowdoin who maintains that we can say nothing about him—must have a clear conscience—and how about the Senior in P. I. K. who can't wait for May 23, because the last year's May Queen is coming down—and while we're starting in on the men we'll give O'Brien a break—who said "still water runs deep?" Doctor Logler is looking for a Prima Donna to sing over his radio—applicant must be good looking, well dressed, and have plenty of pep—voice immaterial—what's a little thing like that between friends? Co-eds are becoming popular—even the Brooks run to this side of the Campus—how about it Phi Mu? And then there's the story of the sweet Co-ed who Laid down the Law to Ken—but how about the blue-eyed, dimpled-cheeked little boy who goes to the shop with his sweetheart and continually plays "If I Haven't Got a Girl"—now I don't get that connection! And Eds, if you must play tennis don't come around Chem. Lab and try to entice the girls away—you might have to work yourself, some day. By the way, we have our opinion of the Eds who go canoeing a la natural—but why worry?

Lazily,  
Co-ed Idler.

## TWO CO-EDS TRIED

The men's court held its first meeting of the year last Thursday night. Except for a few minor charges against the Co-eds the student body seems to be behaving itself unusually well. The erring Co-eds were forced to take "Marty" out once a week to atone for their gold digging proclivities. One Freshman was severely reprimanded for not having co-edded as yet this year.

## "Faust"

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## Feature Radio Talk

Good Morning My Dears! This is Station W. R. I. S. broadcasting from our beautiful location way up top Ranger Hall, Hurricane Alley, Kingston, R. I. (the chicken coop in the basement). Before we start our pro—"Hello, Hello! Operator, I wish you'd get me that number—my baby has the colic and there's nothing in the house but aspirin tablets and—" Folks we were slightly disconnected, but you are still in touch with that famous broadcasting system under the expert supervision of Operators Logler, Lancor and Skoog. Now the first thing on this morning's musical pro—"Give Ma a Little Kiss Will Ya, Huh? Watcha gonna miss, will—" Pardon the interruption, ladies and gentlemen, but due to unforeseen occurrences the waves this morning are northeastward (Joe plugged in the wrong switch) but we hope that the remainder of the program will be audible. We will now hear Professor Emery speak on "Why The Crayfish Resembles An Airplane." Following the zoologist's speech, we will then listen to Prof. Churchill on his greatest thesis "Thereby Hangs a Tale." Ladies and gentlemen due to an unexpected visitor, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Emery's crayfish escaped—it is said that he has taken lodging at P. I. K. and Mr. Churchill in the rush forgot his tale, so if we will now stand by while Rocky ushers in "Those Glorified Boy Scouts, the City Police."—Mr. Rockefeller—

"Hey Logler, shut off that old thing of yours, you're waking up Helen's bunny. Your Co-ed just called up and said that she couldn't go with you to Thirty Acres cause her folks just came down and said that she was too young to go out with a doctor. Come on, we'll go down to the big town and buy some gadgets for this fool

thing."

"O. K. Pal." A-hem—sorry folks, our program comes to an end. Sweet dreams. Your announcer for this program has been F. J. L. This is Station W. R. I. S. broadcasting on a radio frequency of whenever the damn set works. At the sound of the "Woof" it will be exactly 11:00 p. m.—"WOOF."

## The Eternal Enigma

If thou a thinker claim to be,  
Try to puzzle out a she;  
Her lips say no, her eyes say yes,  
But either conclusion causes a mess.

Now here's some home work for Mister Einstein,  
That can't be solved with a sine or cosine,  
"There isn't a problem invented," says he,  
"That I can't solve unless it's a she."

"Many great men walk our globe,  
Seers and sages in scholar's robe,  
But every last one, and also me,  
Stops at the problem of solving a SHE."  
—Exchange.

## THE CO-ED'S LAMENT

I'm just another Co-ed  
At whom you bill and coo;  
You look so coyly in my eyes,  
And say, "How big and blue!"

You're just another Ed to me  
I've a Romeo at home.  
Except when I feel awfully bored,  
And you call me on the telephone!

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And you were where your warm dreams  
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Officers Elected  
For 1932, W. A. A.

Helen Holmes President;  
Burns and Stene Hon-  
ored; Delegates Also  
Named

The officers for the year 1931-32 of the Women's Athletic Association were elected last week. Miss Helen Holmes, Newport, was elected president of the organization. Miss Eloise Burns, East Greenwich, and Miss Ruth Stene, Kingston, were elected vice president and secretary.

Two delegates from the three upper classes were also elected. They will serve upon the executive board. They are the Misses Natalie Dunn, Bernice Callaghan, Junior class; Grace Leslie, and Dorothy Dickson, Sophomore class, and Charlotte Waters, and Marion Bishop, Freshman class. Mrs. Frank W. Keaney announced that the annual interclass games will take place at the women's athletic field on May 26, 27 and 28.

BARBARA KENDRICK  
IS MAY QUEEN

(Continued from Page 1)  
also searching for the Queen. Their search is rewarded by the awakening of Spring; even Spring is unaware of the hiding place of the May Queen. After the awakening of the May Flowers from their winter sleep, the party lacks only the Queen for the final note of their festivities! The Village Children are heartily disappointed at

the tardiness of Her Majesty. As they play and dance among themselves in anticipation of her coming, Jolly Jester suddenly appears with a mischievous look on his face. He teases them in a good natured fashion, and they soon learn part of his secret—he knows where the May Queen is hiding! After a bit of coaxing on their part, he agrees to take the entire group of searchers to the Queen—and off he scampers—whither we know not—but since the Queen is to be found, all follow him wherever his nimble feet may lead—a surprise awaits!—perhaps (who can tell?) the Queen!

Miss Barbara Brand, '30, is acting as director of the dance for the occasion. Mrs. Peppard is in charge of the costumes. Dean Helen Peck composed the music and words of a song to be sung by the women of Rhode Island State College, and to be known as their own song. Much gratitude is due Miss Peck for her management of the pageant, and more especially for the new song which will be valued by the women.

The words of the song are as follows:

Onward! Forward! Women of Rhode Island!  
Marching, singing, voices-strong and clear!  
Youth and courage, love and high endeavor  
Offer we loyally to Rhode Island.  
High her hilltop, high her aspiration,  
We her daughters hold her ever dear!  
Sing for her; cheer for her; work for her; give to her; live for her—  
ALMA MATER!

Directly following the pageant, the three sororities on the campus,

Sigma Kappa, Delta Zeta, and Chi Omega, will hold open house in form of a tea, for the guests of the day.

COMMENCEMENT  
PLAY, JUNE FIFTH

(Continued from Page 1)  
who go to the theatre for the amusement and stimulus which it is the drama's mission to give.

Special scenery is in construction, special musical artists engaged and the most experienced of the College Players cast to make the affair outstanding.

Albert D'Orsi, three years a member of the Players, and an actor of exceptional ability, is cast as Mephisto. This is the role in which Lewis Morrison, grandfather of Constance and Joan Bennett, starred for so many years. In theatrical circles the names Mephistopheles and Morrison are synonymous.

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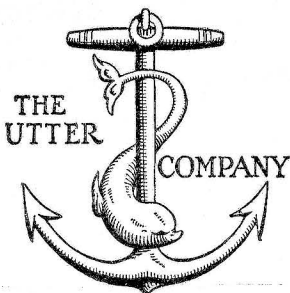
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JAMES THOMAS SHARKEY, 101 Train Street, Dorchester, Mass.

### *Second Prize, \$10,000*

MRS. WALTER SWEET, Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### *Third Prize, \$5,000*

JULIUS M. NOLTE, Glen Avon, Duluth, Minn.

#### *5 Prizes of \$1,000 each*

A. B. FRANKLIN, III, 52 Kirkland St., Cambridge, Mass.  
JOHN R. McCARTHY, 721 Main St., Willimantic, Conn.  
FREDERICK E. ROBINSON, Coronado Beach, Calif.  
WM. A. SCHRADER, Brent Apts., New Albany, Ind.  
DR. D. H. SOPER, 523 E. Brown, Iowa City, Iowa.

#### *5 Prizes of \$500 each*

F. CARTWRIGHT, Transp't'n Bldg., Washington, D. C.  
EDITH COCHRANE, Glenvale Ave., Darien, Conn.  
BARBARA LAWLESS, Ardmore, Pa.  
JANE PARSONS, 325 E. 79th St., New York, N. Y.  
RICHARD W. VOGT, Green Bay Road, Waukegan, Ill.

#### *25 Prizes of \$100 each*

MARIE ALBERTS, 6252 So. Spaulding Ave., Chicago  
W. B. BARKER, JR., 420 N. Spruce, Winston-Salem, N.C.  
EUGENE BARTON, 3625 La Luz St., El Paso, Texas  
MRS. EDW. F. DALY, 1133 Louisville St., St. Louis, Mo.  
WM. G. ERBACHER, 308 N. Front St., Conway, Ark.  
LEROY FAIRMAN, 69 Dartmouth St., Forest Hills, N. Y.  
KATHRYN R. FRANCIS, 448 E. 22d St., Baltimore, Md.  
MRS. ALEXIS GODILLOT, 191 Waverly Pl., New York  
C. W. GRANGE, 2316 Central St., Evanston, Ill.  
C. S. GRAYBILL, Paxtonville, Pa.  
JOHN I. GRIFFIN, 1208 Jackson, Pueblo, Colorado  
DAVID C. HILL, Peyton and Arlington Rds., York, Pa.

ELIZABETH JARRARD, Porter Apts., Lansing, Mich.  
J. W. KEATING, 523 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio  
J. H. KENNEDY, 2627 W. State St., Milwaukee, Wisc.  
JOHN KILPELAINEN, West Paris, Maine  
DR. CLIFTON B. LEECH, 211 Angell St., Providence, R. I.  
EDWARD MARTIN, 121 Liddell St., Buffalo, N. Y.  
MRS. L. C. MILLARD, 609 Stockley Gardens, Norfolk, Va.  
EUGENE SARTINI, 745 Chapel St., Ottawa, Ill.  
GREGORY LUCE STONE, 755 Texas St., Mobile, Ala.  
DR. C. L. THOMAS, Mount Airy, N. C.  
LEE R. WOMACK, 448 Tenney Ave., Amherst, Ohio  
J. ARTHUR WOOD, 21 Burke St., Mechanicville, N. Y.  
EMERY HERBERT YOUNG, Painted Post, N. Y.

**I**N congratulating the winners in the great Camel contest we want at the same time to thank most cordially the approximately million men and women who displayed their friendly interest by sending in an entry.

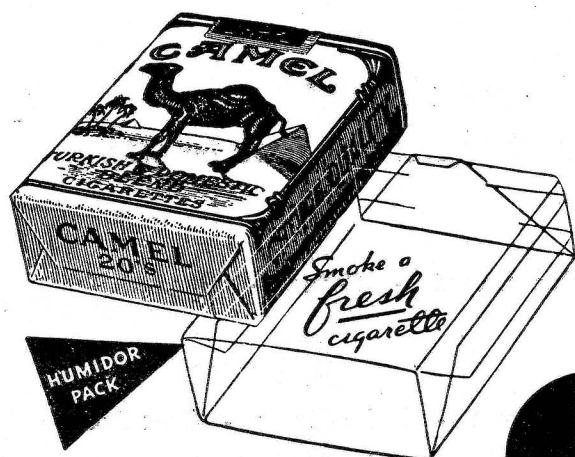
We wish also to thank the millions of smokers throughout the country for the appreciation they are showing for our new Humidor Pack as is evidenced by the notable increase in the sale of Camel cigarettes.

By means of this dust-proof, germ-proof,

moisture-proof Cellophane wrapping the rich aroma and full flavor of choice Turkish and mellow Domestic tobaccos have been air-sealed in Camels for your enjoyment.

If you have not tried Camels in the Humidor Pack all we ask is that you switch over to this brand for one day.

After you have learned how much milder, how much cooler, how much more enjoyable it is to smoke a perfectly conditioned fresh cigarette, go back to the harsh hotness of stale cigarettes if you can.



# CAMELS

*Smoke a fresh cigarette*